NUMB. XCII.

The GUARDIAN.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! Plautus.

Friday, June 26. 1713.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THE Club riſing early this Evening, I 'have time to finiſh my Account of it. 'You are already acquainted with the 'Nature and Deſign of our Inſtitution; 'the Characters of the Members, and the Topicks 'of our Converſation, are what remain for the 'Subject of this Epiſtle.

'The moſt eminent Perſons of our Aſſembly are 'a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and 'a little Heroe. The firſt of theſe, *Dick Diſtick* 'by Name, we have elected Preſident, not only 'as he is the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has 'entertain'd ſo juſt a Senſe of the Stature, as to go 'generally in Black that he may appear yet Leſs. 'Nay, to that Perfection is he arrived, that he *ſtoops* 'as he walks. The Figure of the Man is odd e-'nough; he is a lively little Creature, with long 'Arms and Legs: A Spider is no ill Emblem of 'him. He has been taken at a Diſtance for a *ſmall* 'Windmill. But indeed what principally moved 'us in his Favour was his Talent in Poetry, for 'he hath promiſed to undertake a long Work in '*ſhort Verſe* to celebrate the Heroes of our Size. 'He has entertained ſo great a Reſpect for *Statius*, 'on the Score of that Line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

'that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole *Thebaid* 'for the ſake of little *Tydeus*.

'*Tom. Tiptoe*, a dapper black Fellow, is the moſt 'gallant Lover of the Age. He is particularly nice in 'his Habiliments; and to the end Juſtice may be done 'him that way, conſtantly employs the ſame Artiſt 'who makes Attire for the neighb'ring Princes 'and Ladies of Quality at Mr. *Powel*'s. The Vi-'vacity of his Temper inclines him ſometimes to 'boaſt of the Favours of the Fair. He was, 'tother 'Night, excuſing his Abſence from the Club on 'Account of an Aſſignation with a Lady, (and, as 'he had the Vanity to tell us, a Tall one too) who 'had conſented to the full Accompliſhment of his 'Deſires that Evening. But one of the Company, 'who was his Confident, aſſured us ſhe was a 'Woman of Humour, and made the Agreement 'on this Condition, That his Toe ſhould be tied 'to hers.

'Our *Politician* is a Perſon of *real Gravity*, and '*profeſſed Wiſdom*. Gravity in a Man of this Size, 'compared with that of one of ordinary Bulk, ap-'pears like the Gravity of a Cat compared with 'that of a Lion. This Gentleman is accuſtomed 'to talk to himſelf, and was once over-heard to 'compare his own Perſon to a *little Cabinet*, where-'in are locked up all the Secrets of State, and re-'fined Schemes of Princes. His Face is pale and 'meager, which proceeds from much watching and 'ſtudying for the Welfare of *Europe*, which is alſo 'thought to have ſtinted his Growth: For he hath 'deſtroyed his own Conſtitution with taking care 'of that of the Nation. He is what Monſ. *Balzac* 'calls *a great Diſtiller of the Maxims of* Tacitus: 'When he Speaks, it is ſlowly and Word by Word, 'as one that is loth to enrich you too faſt with his 'Obſervations; like a Limbeck that gives you, Drop 'by Drop, an Extract of the Simples in it.

'The laſt I ſhall mention is *Tim. Tuck*, the Hero. 'He is particularly remarkable for the length of 'his Sword, which interſects his Perſon in a croſs 'Line, and makes him appear not unlike a Fly, 'that the Boys have run a Pin thro', and ſet a walk-'ing. He once challenged a tall Fellow for giving 'him a blow on the Pate with his Elbow as he 'paſs'd along the Street. But what he eſpecially 'values himſelf upon is, that in all the Campaigns 'he has made, he never once *Duck'd* at the whizz 'of a Cannon Ball. *Tim.* was full as large at four-'teen Years old as he is now. This we are tender 'of mentioning, your little Heroes being generally 'Cholerick.

'Theſe are the Gentlemen that moſt enliven our 'Converſation: The Diſcourſe generally turns up-'on ſuch Accidents, whether Fortunate or Unfor-'tunate, as are daily occaſioned by our Size: Theſe 'we faithfully communicate, either as Matter of 'Mirth, or of Conſolation to each other. The Pre-'ſident had lately an unlucky Fall, being unable to 'keep his Legs on a Stormy Day; whereupon he 'informed

'informed us it was no new Diſaſter, but the ſame 'a certain Ancient Poet had been ſubject to; who 'is recorded to have been ſo light, that he was 'obliged to poize himſelf againſt the Wind with 'Lead on one ſide, and his own Works on the o-'ther. The *Lover* confeſt the other Night that he 'had been cured of Love to a tall Woman, by 'reading over the Legend of *Ragotine* in *Scarron*, 'with his Tea, three Mornings ſucceſſively. Our 'Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unſuc-'ceſsful Adventures: And as for the *Politician*, he 'declares himſelf an utter Enemy to all kind of 'Burleſque, ſo will never diſcompoſe the Auſterity 'of his Aſpect by laughing at our Adventures, 'much leſs diſcover any of his own in this ludi-'crous Light. Whatever he tells of any Accidents 'that befal him is by way of Complaint, nor is he 'ever laughed at but in his Abſence.

'We are likewiſe particularly careful to com-'municate in the Club all ſuch Paſſages of Hiſtory, 'or Characters of Illuſtrious Perſonages, as any 'way reflect Honour on little Men. *Tim. Tuck* 'having but juſt Reading enough for a Military Man, 'perpetually entertains us with the ſame Stories, of 'little *David* that conquered the mighty *Goliah*, and 'little *Luxembourg* that made *Lewis* XIV. a *Grand* '*Monarque*, never forgetting Little *Alexander the* '*Great*. *Dick Diſtick* celebrates the exceeding Hu-'manity of *Auguſtus*, who called *Horace*, *Lepidiſſi-*'*mum Homunculum*; and is wonderfully pleaſed 'with *Voiture* and *Scarron*, for having ſo well de-'ſcribed their Diminutive Forms to all Poſterity. 'He is peremptorily of Opinion, againſt a great Rea-'der, and all his Adherents, that *Æſop* was not a 'jot properer or handſomer than he is repreſented 'by the common Pictures. But the Soldier believes 'with the Learned Perſon above-mentioned; for 'he thinks none but an impudent Tall Author could 'be guilty of ſuch an unmannerly Piece of Satire on 'little Warriors, as his Battle of the *Mouſe* and the '*Frog*. The *Politician* is very proud of a certain 'King of *Egypt*, called *Bocchor*, who, as *Diodorus* 'aſſures us, was a Perſon of very low Stature, 'but far exceeded all that went before him *in Diſ-*'*cretion and Politicks*.

'As I am Secretary to the Club, 'tis my Buſineſs 'whenever we meet to take Minutes of the Tranſ-'actions: This has enabled me to ſend you the 'foregoing Particulars, as I may hereafter other 'Memoirs. We have Spies appointed in every 'Quarter of the Town, to give us Informations of 'the Miſbehaviour of ſuch refractory Perſons as re-'fuſe to be ſubject to our Statutes. Whatſoever 'aſpiring Practices any of theſe our People ſhall be 'guilty of in their Amours, ſingle Combats, 'or any indirect means to Manhood, we ſhall cer-'tainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to the World 'for their Puniſhment and Reformation. For the 'Preſident has granted me the ſole Propriety of ex-'poſing and ſhowing to the Town all ſuch in-'tractable Dwarfs, whoſe Circumſtances exempt 'them from being carried about in Boxes: Re-'ſerving only to himſelf, as the Right of a Poet, 'thoſe *Smart Characters* that will ſhine in *Epigrams*. 'Venerable *Neſtor*, I ſalute you in the Name of the 'Club.

BOB SHORT, *Secretar.*

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